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Intereſting and affecting Narrative of the Journey of Louis the Sixteenth to Varennes.

[By M. de Mouſtier, one of the three Gardes du Corps who attended him; communicated by Mr. Dougall.]

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

INCLOSED with this letter you will receive an account of ſome very important events in the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. king of France, drawn up by me, from the informations of an eye-witneſs of the ſcenes deſcribed, *et quarum pars magna fuit.*

This eye-witneſs was M. le Comte de Mouſtier, one of the gardes du corps who attended the king on his journey from Paris to Varennes, and who is repeatedly mentioned in the courſe of the narrative.

M. de Mouſtier came firſt to England ſeveral years ago, from Switzerland, where he had been known, and much regarded, by the late earl of Northampton. Through the preſent earl, then Lord Compton, he was introduced to General Melville, under whoſe hoſpitable roof I then reſided.

In this way began my acquaintance with M. de Mouſtier, whom it was impoſſible to know, and not highly to value, as a man of the greateſt integrity and private worth.

The journey to Varennes was a conſtant ſubject of his converſations with General Melville, at which I took every opportunity to be preſent.

Independently of the univerſal ſympathy for the unfortunate Louis, General Melville was excited by ſtrong perſonal motives to take a warm intereſt in whatever regarded him.

The general had been employed for ſeveral months, in the ſpring and ſummer of 1783, at the court of Verſailles, on a miſſion reſpecting the iſland of Tobago, which had been taken from us by the gallant Marquis de Bouille, during the American war, and been ceded to France by the preliminaries of the peace, without any ſtipulations for many objects of the higheſt importance to the Britiſh proprietors and inhabitants of the colony.

In this ſituation General Melville had the beſt opportunities, and he failed not to uſe them, for procuring information concerning the diſpoſitions and talents of the new ſovereign of his countrymen in Tobago.

Every day confirmed the opinion which he had early formed, that Louis was a man of genuine humanity, and love of truth, juſtice, and order; united with great application to, and ſound judgment in buſineſs: and that this opinion was well founded, was evinced beyond all doubt, by the ſingularly favourable terms granted to the general, for the colony, of which he had been the founder in the beginning of his government of all the iſlands in the Weſt Indies, ceded by France to Great Britain by the peace of 1763. M. de Mouſtier had drawn up a very full account of the journey to Varennes, parts of which he uſed frequently to read to General Melville and myſelf.

The intereſt naturally excited by the ſubject, but greatly heightened by the ſtrong indications of genuineneſs and truth diſcovered in every part of theſe details, produced an ardent wiſh that the whole ſhould be given to the public by M. de Mouſtier in his own name.

To this propoſal, however, he conſtantly refuſed to agree, ſaying, that were he to do ſo, he might be ſuſpected of being influenced by ſome view of deriving pecuniary advantage from the publication, (of which, by the bye, with his lady and young children to ſupport, he ſtood in great need), rather than by a pure diſintereſted zeal for vindicating the character of his beloved maſter from the atrocious calumnies induſtriouſly circulated againſt him in other countries as well as in France. In theſe circumſtances, on the 11th of December, 1800, I applied, by a letter, to M. de Mouſtier, for ſuch informations as might enable me to form a connected narrative of the journey, with a view to its being made public.—This mode being liable to no objection on the part of M. de Mouſtier, he readily furniſhed me with various and ample details, from which the following account has been drawn up; into which no circumſtance, however unimportant, has been admitted, but ſuch as was ſupplied by M. de Mouſtier; and in which, as much as was practicable, his own expreſſions and manner have been ſcrupulouſly preſerved.

Such notes as appeared to be wanting, for explanation's ſake, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of M. de Mouſtier.

This gentleman left this country in the ſummer of 1801; and, when I laſt heard of him, was reſiding with his family at Munich,

Munich, in Bavaria; where, by the very extenſive circulation of your valuable miſcellany, Mr. Editor, he will ſoon learn, that his reſtleſs anxiety to render juſtice to the character of his unhappy ſovereign has not been without avail.

I have now only to add, that having lately applied to General Melville for an authentication of what is here ſtated reſpecting the narrative, and the mode by which it fell to me to preſent it to the public, he has been pleaſed to do ſo in the moſt ſatisfactory manner.

I am, &c. JOHN DOUGALL.

London, March 28, 1804.

An Account of the Journey of Louis XVI. King of France, with the Royal Family, from Paris to Varennes, and of their Return to the Capital, in June, 1791; drawn up from the Informations of one of the King's Body-Guards, by John Dougall.

Louis having at laſt reſolved to withdraw for a time from Paris, ſelected three gentlemen of his body-guards to accompany him on the occaſion: theſe were M. le Comte de Mouſtier, M. le Chevalier de Malden, and M. le Chevalier de Valory. He directed M. de Mouſtier to repair to the palace of the Thuilleries, on Thurſday the 17th of June, 1791; and in the mean time to inform the two other gentlemen of the king's wiſhes; as alſo to provide for himſelf and them couriers' jackets of yellow cloth, round hats, boots, &c. and proper paſſports for leaving Paris.

When all theſe neceſſaries were procured, the three gardes-du corps were to go together to the palace on the following Monday, the 21ſt of June, between eight and nine in the evening, there to receive further inſtructions.

At the time appointed, M. de Malden and M. de Valory went thither, by the gallery of the Louvre, which extends along the Seine; but M. de Mouſtier took a different way, to a private ſtaircaſe, which led to the apartment of the king's firſt valet-de-chambre. There his majeſty was waiting for him, and quickly opening the door, as ſoon as he heard M. de Mouſtier coming up, leſt he ſhould be ſtopped by the ſentinel in the paſſage, conducted him to the apartment of the queen.

There the three gardes-du-corps having met, the king addreſſed them in this manner:

"You ſee, gentlemen, to what a wretched ſituation we are brought! We rely on your fidelity and attachment to reſcue us from it, and have made choice of you for this purpoſe.

"Our fate is in your hands. Will you or will you not undertake to deliver us from our preſent miſery? If you refuſe to aſſiſt us, we are utterly undone."

To ſuch words, from their unhappy maſter, thoſe gentlemen could anſwer only by their tears, and ſome broken ſentences, in which they endeavoured to expreſs their joy at the proſpect of a deliverance ſo ardently deſired by all the French who ſtill retained their duty to their rightful ſovereign, as well as by every friend of juſtice and good order.

Their majeſties thought it beſt, in order to prevent interruption or diſcovery on the journey, to change the names of the three gardes-du-corps, aſſigning to each that by which he was in future to be known.*

To M. de Valory was given a letter for Count de Ferſen, miniſter at the court of France from the king of Sweden; and to M. de Mouſtier, two *ſacs-de-nuit*, or travelling-bags, one belonging to the queen, and another to the dauphin. M. de Valory was directed, at the ſame time, to leave the Thuilleries in the ſame way by which he had entered; whilſt M. de Mouſtier was to go down the great ſtair-caſe, croſſing what was called the queen's court, to meet M. de Valory under the firſt gate-way leading out to the quay of the bridge called the Pont-Royal, oppoſite to the end of the palace.

M. de Malden remained with the royal family, and never quitted them until his impriſonment, on their return to Paris.

Count de Ferſen, who was waiting on the quay, no ſooner, by a private ſignal, recognized M. de Valory, than he took the two gardes-du-corps in his carriage to an hotel, where M. de Valory took the horſe that was to carry him the firſt ſtage, from Paris to Bondy; and M. de Mouſtier four other horſes, with which he went to another hotel, where he put them to a travelling-carriage, of a remarkably plain and common appearance.

From this laſt hotel M. de Mouſtier proceeded with the carriage to St. Martin's Gate, where he was ſpeedily joined by the royal family, who had come from the court of the Carouſel, behind the palace, in a hired coach, provided by Count de Ferſen, with M. de Malden mounted behind it.

This happened at half an hour, or perhaps three quarters, paſt twelve o'clock at night.

When the royal family had removed into the travelling carriage, the hired coach and horſes were overturned, as if by accident, into a ditch near the gate, that the coachman might be hindered from going immediately home, and giving an account of what he had ſeen.

Before leaving the gate the queen aſked M. de Malden what he thought of the intended journey. He anſwered, that he conſidered it to be moſt fortunate for them to be already without the walls of Paris.

The

* M. de Mouſtier was called Melchior; M. de Malden, Jean; and M. de Valory, François.

The king obſerved, that it might perhaps be difficult to proceed ſo far as to Chalons on the Marne; nay, that he doubted whether they ſhould be able to reach that town; but that, after paſſing Chalons, he could foreſee no obſtacle to their progreſs.

The queen informed M. de Mouſtier, that, as they came out of the palace, they met M. de la Fayette and M. Gouvion; but that ſhe went a little to one ſide, ſo that theſe gentlemen paſſed the royal family, as her majeſty believed, without knowing them. It muſt alſo be obſerved, that, in order to miſlead the public, the queen and princeſs Elizabeth had lengthened out their airing in the Bois de Boulogne to a very late hour, and did not return to the palace till eight o'clock. It is remarkable that it had been currently reported in Paris for ſeveral days, that the king was to make his eſcape from Paris very ſoon. One of the journals had even fixed this very day for the attempt.

M. de Valory, as was ſaid, had gone on to Bondy, to have horſes ready for the next ſtage, and alſo to deliver to M. le Duc de Choiſeul, who was there expecting orders, a letter from the king, acquainting him, that, ſoon after his uſual hour of retiring to reſt, which was well known to every one connected with the royal family to be at midnight, he was to attempt to eſcape from the Thuilleries; and directing M. de Choiſeul to take all proper precautions for facilitating the journey.

Thus M. de Valory rode on before the carriage to provide horſes; M. de Malden rode behind it; and M. de Mouſtier mounted the coach-box, where Count de Ferſen had placed himſelf, and went as far as Bondy. Here he took leave of the royal family, and the king tenderly embraced him at parting.

The count returned to Paris with the poſtillion who had driven the royal family that ſtage.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS *of* GENERAL MOREAU.

REVOLUTIONS bring forward men of genius and of talents who, under orderly governments, and in quiet times, would have remained diſregarded, unnoticed, and unknown. It is, however, too true, that the ſervices of thoſe who owe their notoriety to revolutions, let them be ever ſo great, do not recompence, or prove even an equivalent, for the unavoidable and conſequential crimes of troubleſome times, and for the ſufferings of mankind, from continual alarms, diſturbances, anarchy, uncertainty, diſquiet, and agitation.

According to the annals of the ancients, a million of Roman citizens were ſacrificed before Cæſar reigned, and another million of them were the victims of thoſe who pretended to be his ſucceſſors, until Octavius Auguſtus, after the deſtruction of his

his rivals, had aſſumed the reins of government over the Roman republic.

Amongſt hiſtorians, Father D'Orleans and Voltaire calculated the number of Engliſhmen, Scotſmen, and Iriſhmen, who periſhed during the civil wars which ſeated Cromwell on the throne of the Stuarts, to amount to upwards of nine hundred thouſand. Des Oudouard, Chenier, and other French revolutionary writers, acknowledge that, ſince 1792, more than three millions of Frenchmen have been butchered by rival factions, or killed in civil and foreign wars, as if it were on purpoſe to enable Bonaparte to uſurp the throne of the Bourbons.

For the honour of human nature it is to be hoped that it would be a calumny, even againſt the wildeſt French republican enthuſiaſts, and the moſt enthuſiaſtic admirers of republics, to ſuppoſe that they would have conſented to ſee a change of government, however deſirable, if any one in 1789 had proved to them, that before France could be a commonwealth, a Corſican its firſt conſul, and an obſcure Breton one of its firſt generals, it was neceſſary that three millions of their countrymen ſhould periſh upon the ſcaffold, in priſons, in exile, by famine, by poiſon, or in the field of battle.

Reforms, innovations, and revolutions, are eaſily planned, and frequently as eaſily brought about; but few foreſee, however many may foretel, that thouſands who have witneſſed, and perhaps applauded, the beginnings, will, by violent deaths, be prevented from ſeeing the ends; and that thoſe who are the firſt plotters againſt the government of their country, are often the firſt victims of their own plots; and, with the loſs of their lives, only prepare the way to power for ſome nameleſs and unknown intriguer, who, confounded in the crowd, was diſregarded or deſpiſed, when they were popular and extolled. Thus, ſix years before unnoted ſubaltern Bonaparte reigned over a republic, Briſſot and Roland, Petion and Condorcet, Manuel and Gaudet, the founders of it in 1792, had all periſhed before the end of 1793. This is the ſhort, but true hiſtory of all the revolutions of all countries, and of all times.

General Moreau is the ſon and grandſon of two able advocates at Morlaix, in Lower Brittany, and was born in 1761. His father poſſeſſed the confidence of his ſuperiors, the eſteem of his equals, and the reſpect of his inferiors. His virtues, which a king would have rewarded, were crimes with a revolutionary government, which proſcribed every one who was merely ſuſpected to be good, virtuous, and humane. In Auguſt, 1794, when the ſon, a republican general, added Sluys to his other conqueſts for the French republic, the French republican Prieur, and the jacobins at Breſt, ſent the father to the ſcaffold, with other members of the department of Finiſterre, as an ariſtocrat, or a friend of ariſtocrats, becauſe he had faithfully

and honourably managed the affairs of ſeveral noble emigrants, entruſted to his care before they left France to join the Bourbons, and to ſave their lives from a threatened proſcription. His untimely end was lamented by all who knew his worth; bewailed by the people, but unrevenged, as well by them as by his ſon.

Young Moreau had already, before the revolution, ſhewed his ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for talents, of whoſe poſſeſſion he was conſcious. In May, 1788, when the ſcheming miniſter of Louis XVI. Cardinal De Brienne, intended a reform, or rather an innovation, in the magiſtracy, Moreau, who then was prevot de droit, at the head of the ſtudents in law at Rennes, over whom he had a marked and known influence, commanded them and other young men who roſe in its defence, and was therefore called the general of the parliament. Moreau has an agreeable air of franknefs, and a pleaſing and benevolent phyſiognomy, which, with his ſtrong natural parts, a good education, and ſome military experience, acquired at an early age in ſome regiments of the line, where he had twice enliſted, contrary to the will of his father, were the principal cauſes of his ſuperiority over his friends, and of the regard he met with, even from his opponents. During the five months of the duration of his petty parliamentary war, he diſplayed valour and atchievements, which did not exclude either wiſdom or that ſort of prudence compatible and conſiſtent with an inſurrection againſt the legitimate authority. Count Theard De Biſſy, the reſpectable commander for the king, had been ordered to carry into execution the changes propoſed by De Brienne. His moderation and humanity ſaved the lives of many of the inſurgents. He had given ſtrict orders, if poſſible, to capture Moreau, but not to hurt him; but Moreau was ſo much upon his guard, and ſhewed ſo great an intrepidity, that the troops of the line could never arreſt him, although he walked out every day in all the public places at Rennes, and often very weakly eſcorted. Many, however, aſcribe young Moreau's ſafety, at this period, more to the good opinion and reſpect that every body had for the father, than to the capacity of the ſon; and all impartial men muſt agree, that nothing can better prove the lenity and clemency of Louis XVI. than that neither Moreau, nor the inſurgents under his command, were perſecuted or puniſhed.

In May, 1788, Moreau had been in arms for the parliament, and for the ſtates of Brittany, againſt the miniſter. In October, the ſame year, he commanded the troops of Nantes and Rennes, armed againſt the ſame parliament, and againſt the ſame ſtates of Brittany, with intent to force them to execute the orders of the king's miniſters for a convocation of the ſtates-general of the whole kingdom. This change of conduct and character has been obſerved more than once in Moreau during his

his public and military career; but it is only juſtice to mention, that the miniſter whom Moreau oppoſed was the unpopular and impolitic Cardinal De Brienne, and the miniſter whom he defended, the then favourite with the people, M. Neckar, the ſucceſſor to De Brienne, who was obliged to reſign in Auguſt, 1788.

During the winter, 1788, Moreau every day evinced greater military talents. He was indefatigable in the cauſe which he had undertaken to defend; when therefore, the weakneſs and irreſolution of the parliament, and the ſtates of Brittany, had promiſed to admit three deputies from the inſurgents to inſpect the regiſters of their deliberations, and to be convinced of their ſincerity, to put an end to all troubles and differences, Moreau was one of the three perſons elected, and acted on this occaſion with as much moderation and politeneſs as he had done before with vigilance and activity. When the regiſters were offered for inſpection, Moreau in a ſhort, but acute, ſpeech, ſaid, that he and his friends were certain they had to do with gentlemen, and therefore truſted to their word of honour, which he hoped would convince their enemies and calumniators, that his young friends in arms were all loyal men and not rebels; that they had armed for a good and juſt cauſe, and not againſt the government of their country, or the privileges of their countrymen; that they were friends to liberty, but lovers of order; and as they now had the hope and aſſurance of being free, quiet and order ſhould be immediately reſtored, by their diſperſing and returning to their former and uſual occupations. Moreau's conduct on this occaſion gained him the approbation of his enemies more than that of his hot-headed and enthuſiaſtic friends, whom it required all his influence to perſuade to be ſatisfied with humiliating the privileged orders, without diſhonouring them.

When, in 1789, the national guards were formed, Moreau was elected the commander of one of the battalions from his department. Hitherto Moreau's lively genius had only, in obedience to his good father's deſire, although with much difficulty, and, as he often ſays, even with diſguſt, ſubmitted to the dull and dry ſtudy of the law. Whilſt, therefore, the conſtitution of his country had ſanctioned the place he occupied, and the military rank he had obtained from the free choice and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and made the permanency of his continuance in the military line a probability, if not a certainty, neither the entreaties of his parents, nor the proſpect of pecuniary advantages, could diſſuade or tempt him from employing his whole time otherwiſe than to improve his military tactics, and to gain more military information and knowledge. Even when his health ſuffered from an application and exerciſe, that waſted his ſtrength in the day, and deprived him of reſt at night, he could not be perſuaded for ſome time to remit his labours.

His friends ſay, that he devoured in four months more military works, treatiſes, and memoirs, than had been compoſed in four centuries; and went through, in three months, more military manœuvres and evolutions than many officers have gone through in thirty years.

At the firſt review of his battalion, in May, 1790, the old general, Count Theard De Biſſy, told him how highly ſatisfied he was with the regularity, diſcipline, and evolutions of this corps, and aſſured Colonel Moreau, that few of the colonels of the regiments of the line, with their old corps, would afford him the ſame pleaſure and gratification he had experienced in reviewing his battalion of national guards. Theſe are the very words, extracted from the official report of Count Theard De Biſſy, addreſſed to the king's miniſter of the war department. And when it is conſidered, that at this very period the greateſt jealouſy ſubſiſted between the regiments of the line and the national guards, and that the latter were held in much contempt by the former, this praiſe does Moreau more honour than many later eulogies, preſented as often to the fortunate and ſucceſsful as to the meritorious and deſerving. It was upon his return from this review that Moreau ſaid, "the Count Theard De Biſſy has done me a great deal of honour; but if he lives ſome years longer, he ſhall ſee me command not only the national guards, but the army of the line." Moreau's prediction was fulfilled. This unfortunate nobleman lived until the 27th July, 1794, when, at the age of ſeventy-two, he was ſent to the guillotine by Robeſpierre's tribunal.

(To be continued.)

Narrative of the Loſs of his Majeſty's Ship the Apollo, J. W. T. Dixon, Eſq. Captain, with about Forty Sail of her Convoy, on the Coaſt of Portugal, three Leagues North of Cape Mondego, when on her Paſſage to the Weſt Indies, on the 2d of April, 1804.

MONDAY, the 26th of March, ſailed from the Cove of Cork, in company with his Majeſty's ſhip Carysfort, and ſixty-nine ſail of merchant ſhips, under convoy for the Weſt Indies; 27th were out of ſight of land, with a fair wind, blowing a ſtrong gale, and ſteering about weſt ſouth weſt; the 28th, 29th, and 30th, weather and courſe nearly the ſame: 31ſt, the wind came more to the weſtward, but more moderate.

Sunday, the 1ſt of April, at noon, obſerved in latitude 40 deg. 51 min. north. Longitude per account, 12 deg. 29 min. weſt; at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, the wind ſhifted to the ſouth weſt, blowing freſh; courſe ſouth ſouth eaſt. At ten, up main-

ſail, and ſet the main ſtay-ſail. At a quarter paſt ten, the main ſtay-ſail ſplit by the ſheet giving way; called all hands upon deck. At half paſt ten ſtrong breezes and ſqually, took in the fore top-ſail, and ſet the fore-ſail. At half paſt eleven, the main-top ſail ſplit, furled it, and the main-ſail. The ſhip was now under her fore-ſail, main and mizen ſtorm ſtay-ſails; the wind blowing hard, with a heavy ſea.

About half paſt three on Monday morning, the 2d, the ſhip ſtruck the ground, to the aſtoniſhment of every one on board, and by the above reckoning, we then conjectured upon an unknown ſhoal. She continued ſtriking the ground very heavy ſeveral times, by which her bottom was materially damaged, and making much water; the chain-pumps were rigged with the utmoſt diſpatch, and the men began to pump, but in about ten minutes ſhe beat and drove over the ſhoal. On endeavouring to ſteer her, found the rudder carried away; ſhe then got before the wind; the pumps were kept going, but from the quantity of water ſhe ſhipped, there was every probability of her ſoon foundering, as ſhe was filling, and ſinking very faſt.

After running about five minutes, the ſhip ſtruck the ground again, with ſuch tremendous ſhocks, that we were fearful ſhe would inſtantly go to pieces, and kept ſtriking and driving further on the ſands, the ſea making breaches completely over her. Cut away the lan-yards of the main and mizen rigging, and the maſts fell, with a tremendous craſh, over the larboard ſide; the fore-maſt went immediately after. The ſhip then fell on her ſtarboard ſide, with the gunwale under water. The violence with which ſhe ſtruck the ground, and the weight of the guns, thoſe on the quarter-deck tearing away the bulwark, ſoon made the ſhip a perfect wreck abaft; only four or five guns could poſſibly be fired to alarm the convoy, and give notice of danger. On her ſtriking the ſecond time, moſt pitiful cries were heard every where between decks, many of the men giving themſelves up to inevitable death. I was told that I might as well ſtay below, as there was an equal likelihood of periſhing if I got upon deck.

I was determined to go, but firſt attempted to enter my cabin, and was in danger of having my legs broke by the cheſts floating about, and the bulk-heads were giving way; I therefore deſiſted, and endeavoured to get upon deck, which I effected, after being ſeveral times waſhed down the hatchway, by the immenſe volume of water inceſſantly pouring down. The ſhip ſtill beating the ground very heavy, made it neceſſary to cling faſt to ſome part of the wreck, to prevent being waſhed by the ſurges, or hurled by the dread concuſſions, overboard; the people holding faſt by the larboard bulwark of the quarter-deck, and in the main-channels, while our good captain ſtood naked upon the cabin ſky-light grating, holding faſt by the ſtump of the mizen-maſt,

maſt, and making uſe of every ſoothing expreſſion which could have been ſuggeſted to encourage men in ſuch a perilous ſituation.

Moſt of the officers and men were entirely naked, not having time even to ſlip on a pair of trowſers. Our horrible ſituation every moment became more dreadful; until day-light appearing, about half-paſt four o'clock, diſcovered to us the land, at about two cable's length diſtance, a long ſandy beach, reaching to Cape Mondego, three leagues to the ſouthward of us. On day-light clearing up, we could perceive between twenty and thirty ſail of the convoy aſhore, both to the northward and ſouthward, and ſeveral of them perfect wrecks. We were now certain of being on the coaſt of Portugal, from ſeeing the above Cape, though, I am ſorry to ſay, no perſon in the ſhip had the leaſt idea of being ſo near that coaſt. It blowing hard, and a very great ſwell of the ſea, (or what is generally termed waves running mountains high), there was little proſpect of being ſaved.

About eight o'clock, there being every likelihood of the ſhip going to pieces, and the after-part laying loweſt, Captain Dixon ordered every perſon forward, which it was very difficult to comply with, from the motion of the mainmaſt working on the larboard gunwale, there being no other way to get forward. Mr. Cooke, the boatſwain, had his thigh broke, in endeavouring to get a boat over the ſide; of ſix fine boats, not one was ſaved, being all ſtove, and waſhed overboard with the booms, &c. Soon after the people got forward, the ſhip parted at the gangways. The crew were now obliged to ſtow themſelves in the fore-channels, and from thence to the bowſprit end, to the number of two hundred and twenty; for out of two hundred and forty perſons on board when the ſhip firſt ſtruck, I ſuppoſe twenty to have previouſly periſhed between decks and otherwiſe.

Mr. Lawton, the gunner, the firſt who attempted to ſwim a-ſhore, was drowned; afterwards Lieutenant Wilſon, Mr. Runcie, ſurgeon, Mr. M'Cabe, ſurgeon's mate, Mr. Standley, maſter's mate, and ſeveral men, ſhared the ſame fate, by reaſon of the ſea breaking in enormous ſurges over them, though excellent ſwimmers. About thirty perſons had the good fortune to reach the ſhore, upon planks and ſpars, among whom were Lieutenant Harvey, and Mr. Callam, maſter's mate.

Monday night our ſituation was truly horrid, the old men and boys dying through hunger and fatigue; alſo, Mr. Proby and Mr. Hayes, midſhipmen. Captain Dixon remained all this night upon the bowſprit.

Tueſday morning preſented us no better proſpect of being relieved from the jaws of death; the wind blowing ſtronger, and the ſea much more turbulent. About noon, this day, our drooping ſpirits were ſomewhat raiſed by ſeeing Lieutenant Harvey,

and Mr. Callam, hoiſting out a boat from one of the merchant ſhips to come to the aſſiſtance of their diſtreſſed ſhipmates. They ſeveral times attempted to launch her through the ſurf, but being a very heavy boat, they could not poſſibly effect it. Several men went upon rafts this day, made from pieces of the wreck, but not one ſoul reached the ſhore; the wind having ſhifted, and the current ſetting out, they were all driven to ſea; among whom was our captain, who, about three in the afternoon, went on the jib-boom with three ſeamen; anxious to ſave the remainder of the ſhip's company, and too ſanguine of getting ſafe on ſhore, ventured upon the ſpar, ſaying, on jumping into the ſea, "My lads, I'll ſave you all." In a few ſeconds he loſt his hold of the ſpar, which he could not regain; he drifted to ſea, and periſhed. Such was alſo the fate of the three brave volunteers who choſe his fortune. The night drawing on, the wind increaſing, frequent ſhowers of rain, the ſea waſhed over us, and looking every inſtant for the forecaſtle giving way, when we muſt have all periſhed together, afforded a ſpectacle truly deplorable.

After the moſt painful night that is poſſible to conceive, on day-light appearing, we obſerved Lieutenant Harvey and Mr. Callam again endeavouring to launch the boat. Several attempts were made without ſucceſs, a number of men belonging to the merchant ſhips being much bruiſed and hurt in aſſiſting; alternate hopes and fears now pervaded our wretched minds; fifteen men got ſafe on ſhore this morning, on pieces of the wreck.

About three in the afternoon of Wedneſday the 4th, we had the inexpreſſible happineſs of ſeeing the boat launched through the ſurf, by the indefatigable exertion of the above officers, aſſiſted by the maſters of the merchant ſhips, with a number of Portugueſe peaſants, who were encouraged by Mr. Whitney, the Britiſh conſul, from Figuiera. All the crew then remaining on the wreck were brought ſafe on ſhore. Some ſhips ſunk with all their crew, and almoſt every ſhip loſt from two to twelve men each; yet the ſituation of the remainder was not equal to that of the frigate's ſhip's company; as the merchant ſhips drawing a leſs draught of water, were moſtly driven cloſe on the ſhore, and no perſon remained on board them after the firſt morning.

PLAN *of a* TEMPLE *of* HONOUR.

THE Britiſh nation has long been famous for its liberality in rewarding meritorious deeds, and in making ample proviſion for thoſe who ſignalize themſelves by extraordinary feats of

of arms; even the loweſt claſs of theſe meritorious men are honoured with noble manſions, ſuch as Chelſea and Greenwich: but one claſs of men of honour are as yet unrewarded; I mean thoſe of high blood, who, on receiving an affront, whether real or imaginary, will be ſure to demand ſatisfaction by duel; and ſuch well-bred gentlemen who ſcorn the meanneſs of refuſing ſuch a challenge, though loſs of life may be the conſequence. Inſtead of rewarding ſuch valiants, we have a law for their puniſhment; but the impolicy of that law is manifeſt, as it is ſcarcely ever put in execution. Men of ſuch rank merit the attention of the legiſlature, and ought undoubtedly to be placed in an elevated ſituation; that after ſuch proofs of extraordinary heroiſm, they may not ſink again to their former level. It is therefore propoſed, that a noble edifice may be erected at the public expence, and denominated, "the temple of honour;" and that all and every man who may prove their valour, by nobly giving or accepting a challenge, ſhall enjoy an apartment for life in this moſt honourable manſion, and that their ſeconds be alſo allowed the privilege of reſidence therein, for the ſpace of one year.

PROJECTOR.

LAW REPORT.

COURT of KING's BENCH, Friday, May 11.

THE KING *v.* ALEXANDER DAVIDSON, JOHN WHITE PARSONS, and THOMAS HOPPING.

MR. JUSTICE GROSE delivered the ſentence of the Court in the following terms:—

"YOU have been charged with having unlawfully bribed divers voters of the borough of Ilcheſter, and with having procured a leaſe of ground, thereon to erect a number of houſes, that you might introduce ſuch perſons as you thought proper to be elected repreſentatives for the ſaid borough: you have given large ſums, to the amount of 30l. each, to a number of ſuch voters; and, purſuant to your intention, you did erect many houſes, with a view to deſtroy the privileges of the ſubjects of the realm: You have been convicted upon grounds ſo plain and direct, that, inſtead of being in any doubt of the commiſſion of the offence, we are aſtoniſhed that ordinary prudence did not lead you to take ſome pains to diſguiſe this extenſive ſyſtem of corruption: Your crimes are complicated; they involve both conſpiracy and bribery; and, in that of bribery ſeems to be included, the corrupt and malevolent intention of leading the unhappy objects, who were incapable of reſiſting

the

the temptation you offered them, to the foul crime of wilful and corrupt perjury.

" Among your aſſiſtants in this violation of public duty, we find one whoſe evidence has been deciſive, and whoſe croſs-examination ſhews the debaſement of the human mind, when left expoſed to the effects of immorality and irreligion. He ſwears that his conviction of Chriſtianity was ſhaken by the arguments of its opponents, and he appears not to be yet relieved from his atheiſtical ſcepticiſm. Should that be your caſe; ſhould you diſbelieve the exiſtence of a God and of a Redeemer; ſhould the ſublime fabric of religion be ſhaken in your mind, I would earneſtly recommend to you to weigh well the condition to which you are reduced; for, aſſuredly, the moment will come, when the leſſons of conſcience muſt be attentively heard. While you may look down with contempt upon the unfortunate wretch who diſpoſes of his conſcience to you for the ſupport of his family, compare with him the flagitious corrupter, who is perverting the rights, and undermining the conſtitution of his country. It ſhould be our daily prayer that we may not be led into temptation. What atonement can you make to theſe miſerable men, to whom you have preſented a temptation which their infirmities have rendered them incapable of reſiſting? All the controul of perſonal power, and all the influence of wealth, will not remove from you the pang which the retroſpect of ſuch conduct muſt occaſion. The nature of this crime has been ſo clearly marked out by our common law, as tending to the deſtruction of our free and glorious conſtitution, that even the wretches you ſeduced were correctly informed of the meaſure of the offence. We cannot aſcertain if the objects of you, the defendant, Davidſon, were to gratify inſatiable avarice or inordinate ambition, or if there were others behind the curtain yet more rich and powerful, by whom you were employed; but if we may form any judgement of the magnitude of your means, and of the extent of your projects, by the ſums you have expended in this atrocious attempt, we need not wonder at the dangers to which the conſtitution is expoſed, but rather be ſurpriſed that it has ſo long remained to impart protection, and to command the reverence of mankind. As to the different parts you have taken, all of you ſeem to be involved in an equal degree of guilt. While one provided the poiſon, the others not only pointed out the objects to whom it was to be given, but aſſiſted in adminiſtering it. The one party did not ſeem more habituated in the practice, than the other was prompt and prodigal in ſupplying the means to carry it into execution.

" We have heard the affidavits preſented on the part of you John White Parſons. You are the man who negociated between Alexander Davidſon and the electors; you recommended

the bribe of 30l. and introduced Hopping: you propoſed the conſtruction of the houſes, and, as a motive for the ſacrifice of the money, you ſaid you had never known the voters to go againſt the 30l. yet, notwithſtanding this violation of duty, it is ſworn your character is that of a fair man; that your purſuits tend to ameliorate the condition of your fellow-creatures; and that you have impaired your fortune in this honourable endeavour. One of theſe deponents ventures to ſay, that no temptation could induce you to do what is morally or politically wrong. Conſidering this depoſition we are obliged to conclude, after the conviction, that this is a wilful miſrepreſentation, or that you have acted the part of a conſummate hypocrite, and it ſhews how little reliance can be placed on the characters defended in the courts of juſtice. Conſidering you all as equally guilty, for the purpoſe of checking this corrupt influence, ſo fatal to individuals, and ſo injurious to public right, we do order and adjudge that each of you be committed to the cuſtody of the marſhal of the Marſhalſea priſon for twelve calendar months, and then be diſcharged."

DESCRIPTION *of* LOCH-NESS.

LOCH-NESS is ſituate in the eaſtern part of that extenſive and ſtrait valley, which, lying in a N. E. and S. W. direction between Inverneſs and Fort William, divides Scotland quite acroſs from ſea to ſea; this loch or lake extends in length about twenty-two miles in the ſame direction with the reſt of the valley, and its breadth varies from a mile and a quarter to three quarters of a mile; on each ſide along the lake are lofty, rugged, and rocky mountains, irregularly cut into deep gullies with frightful precipices, the only vallies of conſiderable note being thoſe of Urquhart and Glenmorriſon: underneath theſe mountains the ſhore is in ſome places ſteep rocky cliffs, and elſewhere for the moſt part low and rocky, except in the bays, and at both ends of the loch, where a ſhingly beach generally preſents itſelf.

The depth of water in this loch is from 106 to 129 fathoms in the middle parts, to 18, 75, or leſs, near its ends; and by what we were able to aſcertain by ſounding, the bottom appears to be generally level with a ſmall riſing towards the foot of the acclivity at the ſides. The ſides are very ſteep, the riſe being (as far as a judgment could be formed of it) at the rate of a foot in height to every foot or a foot and half in breadth, and at ſome places even ſteeper. The bays are in ſome meaſure an exception to this, from the ground near the ſurface there not being ſo very ſteep as it is lower down, for after the depth amounts to upwards of 20 fathoms, there is little or no difference to be obſerved

ſerved between the ſteepneſs of the ſides of the loch in the bays, and that of other parts: and even in the bays, the declivity of the ſide is ſo ſteep, that (except near the ends of the loch) twenty fathoms depth is ſcarcely ſeventy or eighty fathoms diſtance from the ſhore.

The ſouthern half of the eaſt end of Loch-Neſs terminates in the bay of Dores, which is bounded by the point of Tor on the north ſide; but the northern half extends a mile and a half further to the N. E. and it is from the eaſt corner of this half that the river Neſs iſſues. Between the point of Tor and the north ſhore, there are forty-eight fathoms water, from which it ſhoals gradually to the eaſt end, where there are ſeven fathoms water cloſe to the beach; the deepeſt water here is neareſt the north ſide; from thence a moderate acclivity riſes towards the ſouth ſhore, upon which ſhips may conveniently anchor; particularly in a little bay that lies on the ſouth ſide, nearly mid-way between the point of Tor and the outlet of the river Neſs. This end of the Loch is good anchoring ground in every part where the depth of the water and diſtance from the ſhore render it convenient. The bay of Dores is alſo good anchoring ground, and a moderate depth of water for that purpoſe extends three-fourths of a mile from the bottom of the bay. The ſhores all round this end of Loch-Neſs are very ſteep, excepting the point of Tor, where it is ſhoal all round about a cable's length from the beach, of which ſhips coming near it ought to be very careful.

After the river Neſs has run two hundred and fifty fathoms from the place where it iſſues out of Loch Neſs, it falls into the ſmall loch of Doughfour, near a mile long, and about one hundred and ſixty fathoms broad, in which there are from nine to five fathoms water. This little loch is ſaid to be only a few feet below the level of Loch Neſs; Mr. Telford therefore propoſes to dam it up to the ſame level, and to deepen the ſhort ſpace of river which now ſeparates them, ſo as to admit ſhips ſailing through it; in which caſe the little loch will form an excellent harbour, for ſhelter to ſhips in gales of wind blowing down Loch Neſs, and alſo be a very convenient entry for ſhips into the canal.

The ſhore acroſs the weſt end of Loch Neſs is much ſteeper than that at the eaſt end; for at the weſt end there are fifteen fathoms water at about fifty fathoms diſtance from the ſouth end of the beach, and forty-five fathoms within two cables length of it. The north end of this beach is ſtill ſteeper; for here there there are forty-five fathoms water within fifty fathoms of the beech, and the ſame depth alongſide the rocks at the north ſide of the entry of the river Oich.

Biſhop Watſon's Remarks on the Diſſoluteneſs of Modern Manners.

DEPLORABLE, without doubt, is the condition of that country, in which the manners of its people have gotten the aſcendancy over its laws, in which the faſhion of the world tyrannizes over the religion of Chriſt! And is there not great reaſon to believe, that ſuch is the condition of this country, at this time, in both thoſe points? The law ſays, that deliberate duelling is murder; our manners ſay, that it is not. The law prohibits gaming, at any time, for high ſtakes; our manners permit it, even on a Sunday, to any extent. The law ſuffers not the ſabbath to be profaned by the unneceſſary purſuits of ordinary occupations; our manners, ſtimulated by commercial avarice, ſuffer mail coaches, ſtage coaches, and other means of conveying goods and paſſengers, to be as free on that as any other day in the week.

Religion bids us perform unto the Lord our oaths; faſhion has rendered oaths of office a bye-word. Intemperance of every kind may be avoided from the apprehenſion of diſeaſe—but intemperance is faſhionable. Who abſtains from "chambering, rioting, and wantonneſs," from an apprehenſion of being thereby excluded from the kingdom of Chriſt?

Religion repreſents illicit commerce with the ſex as a great ſin: faſhion eſteems it no ſin at all; and has rendered it as common among Chriſtians, as it ever was among the heathens of Greece and Rome! Religion bids women "adorn themſelves in modeſt apparel, with ſhamefacedneſs and ſobriety:" faſhion exhibits them in ſuch indecency of apparel, that the pure innocency of a virgin mind ſhudders to appear in it!

The laws are good, but they are eluded by the lower claſſes, and ſet at nought by the higher: the laws are good, but they are fallen into contempt, and require zeal, activity, and diſcretion, to renovate their vigour.

A QUESTION, *by Algebraicus.*

IF you deſire to know a poet's name,
From hence* you may diſcover one of fame.

$$*wx+y-z=250$$
$$wx^2-w^2\times=5^{10}$$
$$wxy=2295$$
$$x-w=2.7\text{ths.}$$

Where w denotes the firſt letter, × the ſecond and fifth letter, y the third, and z the fourth letter, compoſing his name.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger, of Clowance, to J. B. Bloomfield's Rebus, inſerted March 26.

WHEN firſt your rebus I look'd on,
I found your brother's name was JOHN.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, of Exeter; and S. L. Margary, of Tremough.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to W. Mann's Charade, inſerted April 2.

IF you and I, friend Mann, ſhould meet,
And we no good LAMB's WOOL could get,
I'd welcome thee with good ſtout ale,
And each with pleaſure tell his tale.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; John Chubb, of Everſhot; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; W. Snell, of Colyton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Rutger, of Clowance; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by R. Mudge, of Aſhburton, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted April 9.

HAIL beauteous RAINBOW! pledge divine!
That decks the evening ſky;
How radiantly thy colours ſhine!
No tints of art can with them vie.

‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. Channon, of Ottery; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; M. Calaway, of St. Auſtell; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbott; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott; Thomas Whicker, W. Strong, and P. Gove, of Exeter; T. Rutger, of Clowance; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Bickham, jun. and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

A CHARADE, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

TWO-THIRDS of a colour, and one half of a meaſure,
Is a puzzle, kind Sirs, which pray find at your leiſure.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

POSSESS'D of knowledge, and with wiſdom crown'd,
Replete with ſenſe and ev'ry truth I'm found;
The rareſt virtues on my ſteps attend;
The choiceſt bleſſings me alike befriend;
View me, kind Sirs, and in me you will ſee
All that belongs to fame or modeſty;
There's not a wiſh that you can think or tell,
But does with me, and will for ever dwell.

As my beſt parts I've quick and plainly told,
Now my defects I too will plain unfold.
I've vices many, malice and deſpair,
And all the paſſions that malignant are;
More than what merely appertain to evil,
I even bear the very name of Devil.
Still my defects, as I muſt call them, are
Needful to make me good, compleat, and fair.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* MAY.

HAIL queen of months! I greet thy ſweet return,
And pay to thee the tributary lay;
No more ſtern winter makes our land to mourn,
But ſpring, far-beaming, ſheds th' enliv'ning ray.

The hills and woods with verdure thick appear;
The humble vales are clad in lively green;
The laughing meads their flowery liveries wear,
To grace, ſweet May! thy mild and genial reign.

The gardens now are deck'd in Flora's pride,
Where labouring bees awake their drowſy hum;
The ſportive fiſh along the rivers glide:
All nature hails the queen of ſeaſons' come.

The landſcape glows, in various tints array'd;
The hawthorn doth its ſnowy hues diſplay;
The verdant woodbine forms the pleaſing ſhade,
Secure retreat from Sol's meridian ray.

The well-till'd fields now feaſt the raviſh'd eyes,
The future harveſts grow upon the view;
For ſoon the jocund mowers whet their ſcythes,
The reapers ſoon their annual work renew.

On every ſide the blooming orchards ſmile,
Where youthful zephyr loads his fragrant wing;
Thence ſweating drudgery hopes an eaſy toil,
And the bright proſpect makes the labourer ſing.

Scarcely, O Gallia! can thy far-fam'd vine,
The virtues of Britannia's tree ſurpaſs;
When burniſh'd apples yield her native wine,
And the rich bev'rage ſparkles in the glaſs.

See on the lofty mountain's graſſy brow,
How graze the flocks, the wanton lambkins play;
The ſober kine, amid the paſtures low,
And milk-maids bear the luſcious tide away.

'Tis thine, ſweet month! to hear the bird of ſpring,*
Thro' the lone dell its melting ſolo pour;
'Tis thine to hear each bird of diff'rent wing
Wake love's ſoft ſong, in every ſhady bower.

And hark! the tuneful choir from yonder grove,
With warbling accents, glad the neighbouring plain;
The woodlark, blackbird, thruſh, and plaintive dove,
With mingled muſic charm the liſt'ning ſwain.

And when the day to weſtern climes retires,
And night advancing claims her wonted ſway,
(While radiant heaven lights up the ſtarry fires)
Sweet Philomel reſumes her matchleſs lay.

Theſe

* Cuckoo.

These are thy charms, sweet month! these beauties thine!
Thine is the genial shower, th' all-cheering beam;
Can man refuse to own the power divine,
From whose rich bounty all those blessings stream?

Blush, son of reason! while creation round
Conspires the strain of gratitude to raise;
Rouse all thy powers thy Maker's fame to sound,
And join the song of universal praise.

South Petherton. W. GIFFORD.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of* DR. DARWIN.

HARK! what sad accents vibrate on my ear,
Claiming the tribute of the starting tear?
A tale of death these mournful sounds convey,
And tell that Darwin bows beneaths his sway!
Darwin, whom all the muses shall deplore,
Sweetest of bards, is now, alas! no more.
Say, will there e'er again in time's career,
To bless the world, his equal once appear?
In his discerning, comprehensive mind,
The richest stores of knowledge were combin'd;
His soaring genius ever would delight
Thro' nature's bound to wing its eagle flight;
With penetrating eye he clearly saw
Her latent causes, and her sov'reign law:
His quick imagination, just tho' warm,
Fresh combinations then would eager form,
And thence he drew, with science by his side,
New and important lights, mankind to guide.
Led by his vivid fancy, we believe,
That all around us consciously perceive;
No flow'rs, or herbs, but with sensation fine,
To love or hate, to hope or fears incline;
And every plant impassion'd can display
Her bashful lures, or affectations gay.
Ye lovely tribes! the sweet parterre that grace,
Whose strains harmonious now shall sing your race?
See the fair lily droops her silver bell,
As sad she hears her Darwin's solemn knell!
The damask rose and all her subject flow'rs,
Their much-lov'd fav'rite weep in dewy show'rs.
Let this, O Darwin! sooth thy hallow'd shade:
Tho' low in dust untimely thou art laid,
Increasing lustre shall thy fame attend,
Till, sunk in years, the world itself shall end;
And each successive age, with grateful lay,
To thy lov'd mem'ry shall fond homage pay.

ADDRESS *to a* ROSE.

BRIGHTEST gem! outvieing all the train,
When flowers their wonted tints resume,
Thy cheering colours strew the plain,
Mingling lustre with perfume.

Grateful thou! to weary labour's sense,
Reposing where thy sweets are spread;
When bright Sol inflicts his beams intense,
Thy odours charm the rustic's bed.